The precious treasure of his eye-sight lost,
Shew me a mistresse that is passing faire,
What doth her bewtie serue but as a note,
Where I may reade who past that passing faire:
Farewel, thou canst not teach me to forget,
Ben. Ile pay that doctrine, or else die in debt. *Exeunt.*

Enter Capulet, *Countie* Paris, *and the Clowne.*

Capu. But *Mountague* is bound as well as I,
In penaltie alike, and tis not hard I thinke,
For men so old as we to keepe the peace.
Par. Of honourable reckoning are you both,
And pittie tis, you liu'd at ods so long:
But now my Lord, what say you to my sute?
Capu. But saying ore what I haue said before,
My child is yet a straunger in the world,
Shee hath not seene the chaunge of fourteen yeares,
Let two more Sommers wither in their pride,
Ere we may thinke her ripe to be a bride.
Pari. Younger then she, are happie mothers made.
Capu. And too soone marde are those so early made:
Earth hath swallowed all my hopes but she,
Shees the hopefull Lady of my earth:
But woo her gentle *Paris*, get her hart,
My will to her consent, is but a part:
And shee agreed, within her scope of choise
Lyes my consent, and faire according voyce:
This night I hold, an old accustomd feast,
Whereto I haue inuited many a guest:
Such as I loue, and you among the store,
One more, most welcome makes my number more:
At my poore house, looke to behold this night,
Earthtreading starres, that make darke heauen light:
Such comfort as do lustie young men feele,
When well apparelld Aprill on the heele,
Of limping winter treads, euen such delight
Among fresh fennell buds shall you this night
Inherit at my house, heare all, all see:

And like her most, whose merit most shall bee:
Which one more view, of many, mine being one,
May stand in number, though in reckning none.
Come go with me, go sirrah trudge about,
Through faire *Verona*, find those persons out,
Whose names are written there, and to them say,
My house and welcome, on their pleasure stay.

Exit.

Seru. Find them out whose names are written. Here it is written, that the shoo-maker should meddle with his yard, and the tayler with his last, the fisher with his pensill, & the painter with his nets. But I am sent to find those persons whose names are here writ, and can neuer find what names the writing person hath here writ (I must to the learned) in good time.

Enter Benuolio, *and* Romeo.

Ben. Tut man, one fire burnes out, an others burning,
One paine is lesned by an others anguish,
Turne giddie, and be holpe by backward turning:
One desperate greefe, cures with an others languish:
Take thou some new infection to thy eye,
And the rancke poyson of the old will dye.
Romeo. Your Plantan leafe is excellent for that.
Ben. For what I pray thee?
Romeo. For your broken shin.
Ben. Why *Romeo*, art thou mad?
Rom. Not mad, but bound more then a mad man is:
Shut vp in prison, kept without my foode,
Whipt and tormented, and Godden good fellow.
Ser. Godgigoden, I pray sir can you read?
Rom. I mine owne fortune in my miserie.
Ser. Perhaps you haue learned it without booke:
But I pray can you read any thing you see?
Rom. I if I know the letters and the language.
Ser. Ye say honestly, rest you merrie.
Rom. Stay fellow, I can read.

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